

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE, AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

An Independent Monthly Journal,---Devoted to the Interests of Deaf Mutes.

VOL. 2.

AMOS SMITH, JR.,
Editor.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE, 1861.

ONE DOLLAR PER YEAR,
Payable in Advance.

NO. 6.

The Gallaudet Guide,

AND DEAF-MUTES' COMPANION.

Published on the First of every month by
THE NEW ENGLAND GALLAUDET ASSOCIATION
OF DEAF-MUTES.

Devoted to the interests of Deaf Mutes in
particular, but designed to contribute to the
information of all.

TERMS.—\$1.00 a year, invariably in advance.
Subscriptions should be sent to Chas. Barrett,
Esq., care of William G. Clark, No. 54 Joy's
Building, Boston, Mass.

Editor—Amos Smith, Jr., Registry of Deeds,
Boston, Mass., to whom all communications
and articles intended for insertion in the pa-
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For the Guide.

CORRECTION OF ERROR IN
MR. PALETTE.

MR. EDITOR,—

I suggest that Raphael Palette, in his

arm chair lucubrations, be deeper and

more solid in premises and on conclu-

sions. His shallow and profound

thinkers see what shallow inferences are

drawn in a philosophic paper of num-

bers, designed to be comprehensive and

unerring; and they do the poor mutes

no credit for forecast and accurate rea-

soning! No body but some shallow

ambidextrous abolitionist would tally in with

R. P.'s view that Noah made all this

National hubbub! Nobody but some

oligarch would knock into his previous

rhapsody, (in another number) that to

have good rulers the people must have

their candidates picked out for them, or

the rulers appointed! The depth of

Mr. Palette's reasoning here is rather

mediocre than extraordinary. He ven-

tured to take up cudgels for "Reynard"

about our inheritance of the earth, as

God's chosen deaf lambs,—and after

replying to him at length, I turn the

tables on him, and take up his arm

chair, and found it a partly cracked

concern,—although in most of his ably

worded effusions, I am with him hand

and glove. They are wise.

No sir! The people are making

Jacks of themselves enough already, by

acting on your very suggestion,—that

is, by letting leading fellows nominate

candidates for President, and these

aristocrats of Conventions take care, in

every party, to put up nobody but some

lawyer! Lawyers (God confound many

of them!) are our masters, have rule,

make lawyers cabinet secretaries, give

them embassies, etc.

At this rate, have the people freedom?

Junius, in his admirable letters, declared

lawyers unfit for State deliberation from

their habit of taking too many sides,—

and this makes them the last men to

govern a Republic! Why, Mr. Palette,

all this secession frolic was gotten up

'by the lawyers.' The people had nothing

to do but to vote.

If you imagine another order of aris-

toocrats to select candidates for us.

What is it? The lawyers are already

too powerful a profession not to have a

finger in every pie. God grant me to

break their spell!

As to Noah, why sir, it was not his

by the light afforded by that occasion.

A "colored gemman" with his white

Beecher, can more prove himself not a

scion of Ham, than he can whitewash

himself. Are not 'niggers' always fond

of a jest, and ridicule to this day?

Let us be profound, where is real

profoundity. God in early times tried

all the ancestors of mankind. So did

He Adam, for all the races. So did He

Shem, Ham, and Japhet; also Abraham,

Joseph, Job, and finally, He spared not

his own beloved Son, to try Him in a

long fast and the awful temptation of

the devil. As the destiny following

each trial was affixed to the failure of

triumph of each,—so is it irrevocable as

to this life. Christ has not altered

nature. He only opens heaven to souls:

to those of all races. I cannot now

dwell on this matter. I will be from

home in the South-west, sometime. At

another day, after August next, I may

send the Guide a dissertation more full.

ATHENS, March, 1861. J. J. F.

P. S. To R. P.

Whenever Mr. Palette answers me,

he naturally and commendably may

wish with true logical acumen, to cover

his whole ground; and comprehensively,

therefore, may say, if Ham's innate

depravity made him mock his ancestor

after the terrible demonstration of the

deluge, and for whose sake this rebro-

bate son was spared! Was not also

Adam characterized with the same ob-

liquity of moral constitution? Whereas

Adam was made perfect, and fell alone

through satau's deception of the wo-

man. How little and mean old satan!

to fly the man, and approach the wo-

man! How afraid to face man!

This may be answered, that, coming

of the dust of the ground, Adam was

not morally perfect,—but had as a pre-

liminary, to go through a formulary in

order to constitute him altogether per-

fect, and beyond contingency. His

original weakness therefore exhibited

itself in not having had the firmness to

repel the forbidden fruit!

The material creation was finished in

six days; but the moral was not to be,

not until a later period of time, and

would have been, after some probing

test, in the mysteries of God's provid-

ence. Our moral creation is yet pend-

ing. None of us are morally perfect,

till we should succeed in attaining

heaven, out of the stupendous trials of

this life! "The consummation of all

things" is to be hereafter: it has not

yet transpired. Had Eve and Adam

triumphantly held to their integrity, in

that scene in Eden, the human race

would have been perfected without the

possibility of revocation. They did

not; and left other trials to their

seed; and every orthodox sermon teach-

es us, as well as the scriptures, by the

rule of which all go, that it is in sur-

mounting such trials with a living faith

and unexceptionable conduct in life,

that souls will be saved after death.

Nevertheless the ancestors of races and

the authors of systems were primevally

put through certain and varied tests,

and blessed or unblessed in proportion

to the success or failure in "holding

fast their integrity." God knew what

Abraham, Joseph and Job were. He

knew they would keep true and good.

He knew what was in Ham. The tests

the scriptures to Ham, as their progeni-

tor, are, if not all slaves, or manifest

inferiors, the lowest portion of the

human race. There is, in spite of all

the learning of that hearing man Beech-

er, or that other, Phillips, no mistake

here. They hold that we cannot trace

the lineage, and that color be climatic.

The Lord have mercy on their souls!

How unhappy has it been for our coun-

try, that these very able gentlemen

never had a controversy on this matter

with me, the real *simon pure*—and that

the South too disdained to hear or dis-

cuss, "with a darkness that is felt!"

Why, Egypt was a negro kingdom.

David called it "the land of Ham."

Migraim its first king, was a son of

Ham. And the statue of Memnon, the

first representation in the remotest ages

of the Egyptian and Lybian features,

had the woolly hair, flat nose and thick

lips of the negro form. Of course so

were all Ethiopians. What more are

the blacks of Africa? As to color, it

was, I hold, by miracle, not climate—

as much so as the multiplication of

tongues. If the leading abolitionists,

and their friends the "colored gemmen,"

who won't go, like wise men to Liberia

and its adjacencies,—would consider the

original population of America—how

from Patagonia, through the interme-

diate torrid zone, to Labrador, one cop-

plexion denote them, they would no

longer doubt, and cease to torment the

white people to the catastrophe of the

best and brightest Republic on earth!

As to black Jews, Hindoos, and Aus-

traliains—these are mongrels; for amal-

gamation, in the long process of ages,

did its work. Why do we see, under

the African tropics, the yellow Moor

and the ebony negro. What has climate

done, where a separation from marriage

existed?

This "bone" I give to the master

spirits of the John Brown order of abo-

litionists. And should they desire de-

bate with me, there are ample channels

in other papers than this diminutive

Guide—and I only alluded to this mat-

ter thus far, to impress Mr. Palette

with a sense of the duty of being truly

profound and accurate, so as to do

credit to our "race," now struggling up

for consideration. Premising to Mr.

Phillips, however, that I am not for

slavery, neither for abolition, per se, but

for the deportation of the Ethiopians

to Africa. And it can be done, provided

both the Northern and Southern section

combine for the purpose. It is our

distracting counsels that prevent it. If

the blacks be doomed to be servants,

or inferiors, or sequestered from all

other races, by that natural repugnance

which even Mr. Phillips cannot well

overcome; by their color, the malaria

of their region, the dividing deserts, har-

borless oceans, and other things,—

none of us have a right divine to retain,

or allow them this side of the Atlantic,

either free or bond: although the charm

of an incorporation of blood has render-

ed so many of them (the mulattoes)

more congenial with our feelings!

That Noah's curse on Ham, was di-

rected to his sequestration from his

brethren, not as an injunction to his

servitude, I think closely expressed in

the original Hebrew, as defined by Dr.

Raphall of New York. "A servant of

myself. Africa is the place for the

black man! God repels from usurpa-

tion and molestation there every other

race. Only let him disdain the slave

trader, and from this land have an

exodus to that genial clime, and when

"Ethiopia stretch forth her hands to

God," she will become majestic, thriving

prosperous, and her "captivity" through

Ham to satan, will be "turned" as was

that of righteous Job.

This is the true and perfect destiny

of the Ethiopian race. Every other is

unlawful, convulsive; perilous to both

the white and black. Oh, that

the South could have listened to me

many years back, and averted this dis-

astrous year!

I have neither time nor space to tell

Mr. Phillips my full mind. How that

by mythological research and antiqua-

rian history, Ham, called Jupiter Ham-

mon in Egypt and Lybia, made himself

worshipped by his seed in God's place,

and how he, or his grandson Nimrod

was the first monarch. Thus inventing

two systems of deception and oppress-

ion, that has long afflicted mankind!

How clearly, then, he did not repent,

and aggravated his doom and that of

his seed. How also he drove the ven-

erous Noah into Persia—and perhaps

Japhet into the Caucasus. For this

Hamitic race "were a people terrible

from the beginning"—tho' now "feeble

and scattered."

Nor can I get the South to hear me

when I point to the effect in the future

of keeping negro slaves. Their ulti-

mate amalgamation, freedom, incorpo-

ration and entrance into office and rule!

Why, Napoleon Bonaparte who united

the most sanguinary military disposition

with the art of amiably taking men's

hearts, the most persevering of warriors,

was but a mongrel! Trace the history

of Corsica through the African colonies

THE GALLAUDET GUIDE AND— DEAF MUTES COMPANION.

BOSTON, MASS., JUNE, 1861.

We are devoutly grateful for the kind words of encouragement which have come to us in great profusion the past month. One morning, we found no less than eleven letters on our desk on coming into our room, to say nothing of the usual number of exchanges. Who wouldn't be editor of a monthly paper? But while we have all we want in this way, and more too, the Executive Committee of the Gallaudet Association, represent to us that they are sadly in want of the *needful*, to carry on the paper. Their funds are entirely exhausted; how can they print the paper the balance of the year, without subscribers respond with the cash? It is to be hoped that all will promptly make payment to the Treasurer, and thereby relieve the Committee from embarrassment.

The *Guide* ought not to be given up. Although in all probability there will be a change in the editorial department, and change also in the office of Treasurer, and of the Executive Committee, at the close of the year their respective successors will, without doubt, be suitable persons, who will look well to the interests of the Association. Longlive its organ—the *Gallaudet Guide*!

THE WAR.

Six weeks of the war is completed, counting from the 15th of April, the date of President Lincoln's first proclamation, which was the first intimation that the country had that the Union was to be preserved. In these six weeks that have rushed away so excitedly, an immense work has been done. The capital has been saved from falling into the hands of the enemy, who, it must be admitted, might have taken possession of it if they had been half as swift with their feet, forwardly, as they are with their tongues. There was nothing to prevent their success down to the last week in April, when they did not succeed because they held the North in such contempt that they never could be made to believe that it would fight, or even move. They had only to choose their own time, and Washington would be theirs. They fell into the old error, that of despising their enemy, which has ruined so many nations, parties, armies, and individuals. Thus government gained time, and maintained its place. Unfriendly foreign governments were disappointed, and Lord John Russell and the *London Times* are forced to grieve over the non-receipt of intelligence that Washington is in possession of the rebels, news of which they ardently desired to hear in the interest of peace—that's all. Davis and Lee are not so smart as were Ross and Cockburn, and so Washington has not yet fallen, and we do not believe that it will ever fall before the Rebels. Last-True, the enemy, after declaring that they never meant to attack the place, and do not wish to seize it, say that they shall have it by the middle of June, or the fourth of July, or at some other date not yet fixed upon by their grave and unchanging councils; but that is only intended to keep up the spirits of their groundlings, who cannot understand how it is that a Northern army should be encamped on Southern soil. It is to be hoped that they will attack Washington, matters there being so well arranged to give them a "reception." Government has improved its time so well that it has fairly cut the enemy's line in two, and now it has well in hand a force that is equal to any emergency that can arise at home. It has a large army at Washington, and it has another army that will operate at some point in Eastern Virginia. It has camps in Pennsylvania, and elsewhere in the East; and it has possession of Baltimore and Annapolis, after having conquered Maryland, which would have been as rampantly in a state of secessionism as Tennessee, to-day, had it not been for General Butler and his men. It has camps in Ohio, where soldiers are drilling for work in Western Virginia; and its men occupy Cairo, and so have command of the navigation of the Ohio and the Mississippi; and from Cairo hosts will be sent to "coerce" the rebels of the South-west. There are regiments drilling in New England, whence large numbers of well disciplined men can now be despatched to any point at which their services may be required. The blockade is in course of enforcement, and the ports of the South are about to be made to resemble Tyne and Sidon in their decay; for the voices of the trader and the artisan shall be heard no more at all in them, until their people shall have repented of their follies and their sins, and have returned to their allegiance. Whether there is to be any forward movements made by our forces at an early day is matter of uncertainty. Government keeps its own counsels, and wisely so, and nothing is positively known of its intentions. Neither can any thing be inferred from statements that are received from Washington. The massing of troops near Fort Monroe would seem to indicate an intention to attack Norfolk, for the recovery of the federal property near that city, which would be a movement in keeping with the original presidential programme; but to do so, and to remain idle on other points would enable the enemy to collect an irresistible force at that point, so that nothing is inferrible from what is known. All is speculation, and speculation that does not pay. We had written thus far, when news came of the commencement of hostilities, by the government troops advancing upon Alexandria, and taking it, after which Col. Ellsworth was assassinated, a serious loss to our cause; and other bodies of Union soldiers entered Virginia, at several points. These movements, if successful,

will have great effect in Europe. Even the most grumbling of *groggnards* must admit that war has begun.

THE FATE OF COL. ELLSWORTH.

Colonel Ellsworth's death affects the mind strongly. It is nothing strange that a soldier should fall suddenly in war; for, as Wolfe sang, "is a soldier's business [to die];" but, say what you will about the equality of men, the world will have its favorites, who are not always badly selected, and toward whom it feels as a father feels toward a favorite child, whose death moves the parent to that frantic grief which knows no consolation, and which time can only enable the sufferer to bear with external equanimity. Colonel Ellsworth was one of those favored children. Young, handsome, a thorough soldier, both by training and from taste, loving his profession, and having wrought public expectation up to the highest point as probably destined to be one of the most brilliant heroes of the terrible war upon which we have entered, he is cut off at four-and-twenty, and leaves his name "writ in water." So much was expected of him, that it seems almost impossible that he has passed away; that "he sleeps in death, and dreams of war no more." His "star is set in night," and he is to be classed with those youthful soldiers who flash across the page of history, but make no permanent impression on it. He is, in this sense, the Gaston de Foix of our conflict, and, though no victory like that of Ravenna can be associated with his name, it is not less the fact that he had accomplished a forward movement in a manner which showed that the public estimate of his character was not an erroneous one. He heads that column of brave men who are to be sacrificed on both sides in that unnatural war which is now tasking the energies of so many myriads of men, and his brows wear the asphodel, not the profuse laurels which his countrymen expected to see binding them. He has gone down among the dead, unstained by that sordid selfishness which so soon leaves its traces on even the most generous natures. He was to have been the Marceau of the contest; but the envious Fates allowed him to be only its Marcellus. Like the Ehrenman, "he has kept the whiteness of his soul," and a whole country will "pray for his gallant spirit's bright repose." It seems hard that so many persons should be spared, whose lives are either useless, or productive only of evil, and so chivalrous a patriot be snatched away from a sphere which he adorned, and which he was so capable of nobly illustrating, but that which is inexplicable to us is clear to higher eyes, and undoubtedly what has happened is for the best. Certainly it is so for the hero-victim himself, though we may regret that he should have fallen by the assassin's hand; for what lot can be more enviable than that of the man who dies young, and in his country's cause, the world looking on, and all his fellow citizens thrown into mourning by his fall? Many a man may envy Ellsworth his end, even while regretting that his talents and his bravery have been so quickly lost to the service of his country, which now has need of all the power of her sons. And that country should "keep his memory green."

Charles Barrett, Esq., who has so ably and faithfully filled the office of Treasurer of the Gallaudet Association, since its first organization, contemplates resigning, at the close of the present year. It is about time for President Brown to be looking out for a successor, and also for a new Executive Committee, and Editor, the time of service of the present incumbents, expiring at the same time, and all declining a re-appointment.

Mr. Flournoy takes up a good space in this number of our paper. His articles, as everything from him always is, are very able, and we have given them a corner in our paper, that people may see and know what a deaf mute can do. We have never studied the subject of slavery, or its origin, nor enquired what the Great Navigator or his son Ham had to do with it. As to his favorite scheme of a deaf mute colony, we take still less interest in it, and have therefore no comment to make on either subject. But his reply to the *Clerkenwell News*, we may review in some subsequent number of the *Guide*.

FORMATION OF A NEW VOLUNTEER COMPANY.—A new Volunteer Company was organized last night, at Butler Hall, which comprises a fine looking company of 93 able bodied deaf and dumb men. Geo. R. Hobbs, was chosen Captain, Chas. A. Barrell, First Lieutenant, Geo. A. Holbrook, Drummer, and Samuel A. Rowley, Chaplain. The Company will parade the principal streets this afternoon, when they will visit the State House, when it is expected His Excellency, the Governor, will address them.

The Company expect to be ordered to the seat of war at an early day. (Boston Ex.) Not only is the organization of such a company news to us, but the names of the officers as above given, are as far as we can learn, entirely unknown in *mutedom*.

The editor of the *Peoria Transcript* saw an old man, in Pekin, Illinois, by the name of Hageman, 65 years of age, and an old settler of Tazewell county, who can lift 800 pounds with ease. The old gentleman is a deaf mute, and has a son whose strength is almost equal to his own.

'T is hard to say if greater want of skill appear in writing or in judging ill.

When is a man out of date? When he's a weak back.

THE TATTLER.

LETTER XV.

MR. EDITOR.—The political sky of our country is still gloomy. Since the bombardment and evacuation of Fort Sumter, the dense clouds of civil war still hang over our devoted heads, and may, in all probabilities, discharge their pent-up liquid before my readers perceive this letter. Whether this storm will be long and destructive to life and social happiness, or whether it will be of short duration and almost without any serious injury done to the country, none can predict. (God alone, knows what shall come to pass. One thing however is certain. This is, that it is ordained by Providence, for the good of our country, even though she may be divided in two or more confederacies. Both sections of the land have long been at loggerheads with each other, on the Slavery question; and it is high time that this perpetual bone of contention should be gnawed at once, and buried in the inmost bowels of obscurity.

As regards the true cause of the scheme of secession now pursued by the South, important facts have just been brought to light, and are indeed calculated to damage the justice of disunion.

In a recent letter from Commodore Stewart to a friend of his, he states a long conversation he had with J. C. Calhoun, of South Carolina, in 1812, and quotes in substance the remarks of the great founder of Southern Secession:—

"I see you speak through the head of a young statesman, and from the heart of a patriot; but you lose sight of the political and the sectional policy of the people. I admit your conclusions, in respect to us Southrons—that we are essentially aristocratic. I cannot deny but we can, and do yield much to Democracy; this is our sectional policy. We are, from necessity, thrown upon, and solemnly wedded to that party, however it may occasionally clash with our feelings, for the conversation of our interests. It is through our affiliation with that party in the Middle and Western States we control, under the Constitution, the governing of the United States; but when we cease thus to control this nation through a disjoined Democracy, or any material obstacle in that party which shall tend to throw us of that rule and control, we shall then resort to the dissolution of the Union. The compromises in the Constitution, under the then circumstances, were sufficient for our fathers, but under the altered condition of the country from that period, leave to the South a resource but dissolution; for no amendment to the Constitution could be reached through a convention of the people and their three-fourths rule."

Here we see the true cause of the secession of the Slave States from the Union. It is neither the Slavery question, which is held up by artful and selfish demagogues of the South, as a means of inciting all honest Southrons to rebel against the Federal Government, nor is it the election of Lincoln himself, who all know, bears a reputation far beyond the reach of slander; but is the loss of Southern rule in the government, which the Southern politicians anticipated in the supremacy of Republican "regime" at Washington city. Truth must be told that they sought the very thing—the loss of their rule,—by disorganizing the Democratic party, in order to ensure Lincoln's election, that they might effect the long-hoped-for disintegration of the Slave States, and with them found a Slave Confederacy—perhaps, ultimately an empire, with conquered provinces, as Mexico, Cuba, and others.

To all reflective minds, it is not rebellion, as is generally considered, but a great conspiracy, conceived by Calhoun, and matured for many years by his disciples. The forbearance and conciliatory spirit of the present administration, emboldened the conspirators to commit acts of violence, which are, politically speaking, aggressive in the first degree. Their audacious bombardment of Fort Sumter, aroused the North; and the Northern freeman of all parties are united as a man to rally around the Stars and Stripes, and uphold the Constitution bequeathed to us by Washington and his fellow patriots. The North is to-day ablaze with patriotism, which surprises and vexes the wicked conspirators, and puzzles the misguided Southrons, who honestly believe their cause is just and even sacred.

The replies of the Governors of Kentucky, North Carolina and other States, in which they considered Lincoln's proclamation as being wicked and unconstitutional, betrayed their lack of state-manship. Mr. Lincoln did not declare war against the South; but simply

called for 75,000 men to protect the Federal metropolis against the proposed invasion of Jeff Davis, and enforce blockade on all Southern ports, refusing to render revenues to the Government.

These measures are as pre-eminently constitutional and patriotic, as they are indispensable to the peace of the country which is in his keeping.

Should a servile insurrection of considerable magnitude, rise suddenly in Kentucky, during the absence of her Legislature, will her Governor not be justified to call the militia, to meet and crush it at any cost whatever—without waiting for the pleasure of his Legislature? The truth is, that those worthy Governors, by their inconsistent condemnation of Lincoln's measures, show a "cloven-foot"—in other words, they are anxious to sell their States to Jeff. Davis.

An extra session is ordered to convene at Congress, on the Fourth of July, for the purpose of enacting certain war measures which our President has no power to do himself.

The European affairs have not assumed any important changes since I wrote the last letter. The news received this morning from abroad, indicate that the independence of the Southern Confederacy will not be recognized by the Great Powers; and that the Southern privateers will be considered as pirates. So they will please to take care of their necks.

RAPHAEL PALETTE.

May 15, 1861.

For the Guide.

MR. EDITOR: I see, in your March (1861) number, an article from the *Clerkenwell News*, which has "precise logic" enough to demand discussion. The grounds taken are, that mutes

1. By separating so long, in early life, from home and the family circle, from want of schools nearer home, suffer a social disadvantage.

2. That they ought to learn lip talk.

3. That they are monopolized by hearing teachers, who thrive on their "calamity," through the institution of "exile" schools.

Ere I say my views on this important subject,—important at least to the mute world,—I wish your permission to make a few reflections.

In advocating the stability of the American Asylum at Hartford, I was actuated by the consideration that, in Georgia, I had—fruitlessly as yet—written to the Governor, and petitioned the Legislature, to propose to other Southern States the project to combine all the scattered asylums in one, as a means for greater facilities for the securing of able teachers. If now the argument advanced at the North, in favor of local schools be cogent, my own suggestion, in the South, must fall to the ground. For this reason, I endeavored to maintain the better light, I thought, on the subject. The asylums south of Virginia, if I mistake not, were the result of my memorial, in 1834, to my own State. My idea was to send pupils to some of the already existing institutions. For some years they went; but a Mr. Campbell, a preacher of the Georgia Conference, having suggested the local asylum, one is founded at Cove Spring. Mr. Campbell arrogated, however, with small grace and truth, or from ignorance of the original source of the idea of educating indigent mutes, the honor of being the founder of the institution, by this suggestion, without attending to my agency.

To your first proposition, I can say, but with a view solely to the benefit of our class of people, and with an openness to conviction,—as ready to adapt yours to any other scheme, that it does occur to my mind, that deaf mutes ought not to be sent too early to the Asylum. They should, at least, be over twelve or fifteen years of age. Meantime, every State Government ought to make it incumbent on the parents and guardians of such children, to send them to the nearest hearing school, in which the teacher should impart any knowledge possible in the alphabet, and of objects connected with the letters. By this means, the pupils would be better prepared for receiving instruction in the Asylum.

It is not possible to prevent the "exile" of the young to schools. The hearing educate their children in the best schools and colleges, at a distance. This practice is of a very ancient date. The academies of Greece, Egypt, and In-

dia, numbered a horde of students from remote localities.

But supposing, every vacation, the pupils ought to see their parents, etc., can that not be possible when at Hartford, as when in any portion of Massachusetts? If those from Vermont, New Hampshire, and Maine, for instance, have to stay at this school until they graduate—they likewise would be so circumstanced in your State. There is, for this matter, no remedy, save the annexing to every Common School, of a small department for such few mutes as be in the vicinage. And then do you suppose, Mr. Editor, that, in such places, the pedagogue, who seldom turns out real scholars, would transform the almost idiotic mute into the educated gentleman? They will not, under this system, for much, as it is not practicable that teachers are, or will, qualify themselves for the duty. To do this is to destroy the majestic asylum; and, consequently to leave the deaf and dumb rather uneducated!

Having, in former numbers, taken up other arguments, it is unnecessary here to repeat them.

They must be taught to speak and to understand *labial* motions. These they are more apt to learn from professional teachers in the asylums, than at home from a family encumbered with domestic cares. Few families will then take adequate pains. Our intention is to benefit all—not a few. It seems those who, like myself, were struck deaf, and made a semi-mute at an early age,—seven years—can, even if, like myself, they did not forget the power of speech, be enabled to speak, some of us, pretty well. But always to no great consequence from our inability to hear the accents of words by others. A single word is accented differently by each nation, and every community sometimes separated by a few miles. Our speech will betray us! I think this branch of our education need not be particularly cultivated. It is time thrown away. Time had best be given to a grasp of the mind, of things in reading and study, literature and the sciences, and let the signs, which are often more comprehensive and rapid than speech, serve us for social intercourse, and for gaining information; with this salvo, nevertheless, that none of us ought to trench too much upon them, often unnecessarily, and to the dispensing with reading and observation!

I never had any speech teacher. I treasured upon Walker's, and other ortho-epical dictionaries, and improved the discriminant powers, by recollection of what I had heard in the family of my parents. I can now, if I try, speak pretty well, but not so perfectly as an aural person.

The teachers monopolize the education of the mutes. This is the idea manifested in the few last sentences of the extract considered, and in capitals. That they do this, I affirm. So far as it be confined to the primitive preceptors, who, like Messrs. Gallaudet, and Turner, and Peat, built up our instruction into a system, I entertain no objection. I would allow them discretion to rally around their routine some speaking assistants, for the enjoyment of their society. If they must, for their comfort, have men like themselves by nature, so must we in a commonwealth of our own; which I regret to have seen these worthy gentlemen—such as are living—oppose. Practically they demonstrate the indispensability of like with like, IN POWER! There is no use blinking the question. Dr. Chalmers would call it of God. The Omnipotent hath been trying hearing people too long to make a virtuous and exemplary nation, but unavailingly, it would appear, as to durability, from the Jewish History, and now from the American. That He is willing now to test deaf mute people as an independency of secular government, I believe. If we have a share of the Holy Spirit, we will plant an empire, and God will take care of the same. No use for our quondam teachers to sneer at me as they affected to do at the Worcester Convention; for they may offend the Deity, and bring such retributions, finally, on themselves, as the cutting imprecations of the *Clerkenwell News*; and from the crushing effects of which, I essay to protect them!

But I ought, admitting it to be well for these gentlemen to give places to tidy and exquisite fops from the colleges, I, *et cetera*, approve that management, which make these alone the most numerous, and the principally paid, to the

undervaluation or discarding of mute men of equal capacities and industry! Why not select one half of either, according to ability and fidelity? Why not give equal salaries? It is this very niggardness to our class that drew forth the crimination of the *News*,—as to thriving on the calamity of the mute.

Whether this can be obviated by instituting a new asylum at Worcester or Boston, I know not. Dr. Howe, the leader of the plan, is a hearing gentleman, and may be as apt to select spruce fellows from some college, as ever have been done in all other asylums. Interest and identity absorb and sway all. There is no visible exception. It is better, after all, I believe, to let old Hartford alone, and to insist on mute teachers, and equal salaries,—on a mute principal to succeed the present in time.

Our own Asylum at Cove Spring is not answering the hopes of its founders. Why? Because all the teachers have been speaking men, who scorned to apply to mutes as assistants. None benefited by the wisdom of Gallaudet, who brought Laurent Clerc with him, and began the Institution in America. That hearing men can get along very well without mute aid, I believe, if they would devote themselves, with humble indefatigability, to the business. BUT IT IS NEVER ALWAYS WISE TO DISCARD MUTE AID. Fannin, the first principal, entirely dispensed with mute assistance, though he had before his choice two young graduates of Hartford, every way able, Mr. Edwards, and Mr. Neister. When Fannin was displaced by Dunlap, this man had the audacity, in a published Report to the Governor, to declare that "deaf mute teachers should never be employed unless they be understood to be well qualified!" How did he know Mr. Edwards was not able to teach his own class of people than himself? Why, in coming before mute men, should the hearing be too pedantic? I respect and defer to our natural superiors, but I am averse to esteemed NOTHING. I learn now that Dunlap realizes no hope that the Governor had expected from removing Fannin! I have tried, by a letter to him, to induce His Excellency to appoint Mr. Edwards as Principal, but without result. Our fellow citizens, who own empire everywhere, but who have incontinently divided a better Union than they can ever construct, this side of Doomsday, cannot surely bring their proud stomachs to feel that we, the simple unhearing and unspeaking, are good for any thing, but to show pantomimic talk, to smile, to bow, and to feel prodigiously grateful when a pin be given us! *Credat Judeas!*

The speaking, whom God bless forever,—I do wish them only well,—it appears to me, arrogate their title to lead and to depress us, because our education made us what we be, and they give it to us. To answer them, I only ask two queries: Was Delgarno a mute, from whom D. L. Eppee got his cue for the alphabet? Was Clerc deaf, who, equally with Gallaudet, claims the paternity of this kind of education here? I respect the hearing, I say, and I admire Mr. Turner and Mr. Peat, with great power; but I cannot kneel forever, and call myself nobody, till they be pleased to bid me rise and call myself somebody! Hearing gentlemen! just let us alone. You have your rights, and we want ours. Neither will clash. "Give us a little earth for charity," we crave, like the fallen Wolsey, before the venerable abbot of the monastery.

You seem to suppose mutes, but for the asylums, only little better than reem-bent hogs! Not so. History, if closely scrutinized, and the casual hints of ten thousand old volumes noted, and the tiography probed to the bottom, would exhibit instances of greatness or formidability in deaf and dumb persons,—so from birth, or early life. Who can say that philosophers took no abstract hint from any such silent one; that the priests of Egypt held them in no reverence; that the Delphian sibyls could all hear? Some instances are of deaf men become noted and remarkable, though uneducated. That education has made them still more so against overwhelming adverse influences, is due to the God that created and preserved them; and gives no immortal title to the schoolmaster, who has but fulfilled his portion of duty in the chain of universal being, and with credit to himself and to his pupil.

J. J. FLOURNOY.

ATHENS, 9th March, 1861.

J. R. B.'S SUGGESTION.

AMOS SMITH, Jr., Esq.—Know all Men by these Presents, that J. R. B.'s suggestion is good, decidedly. Deaf mutes must always carry long poles in cloudy nights, when they walk along the roads. Their poles should be at least ten feet long, & from one to two inches in diameter. Hickory poles will answer better than pine ones.

The pole which I have used to carry with me, has proved useful to me. It proves that it is not magnetic, because the horses don't like to see it levelled at their noses or breasts; & the dogs not relishing the idea of their ribs being poked out, always keep a respectable distance from my legs, which they wish to bite.

One evening, last month, I went to Farmer Snibbs' place, to court his pretty daughter, Molly. Before going into the house, I looked about, found a long hickory pole, & put it in a safe place near the hedge, with which the lane was lined. I went in, & found my sweetheart all in smiles. I want tell you how I spent the evening with her; but, to be sure, it was a blissful evening. The old farmer, confound him, looked at his clock, just above the fire-place, & my eyes followed him, & I found it a good deal past ten. So I bade Molly good night, not without a kiss, unseen by the old fellow, & left the house. It was a very cloudy night; black as ink all around me, so that I had to feel my way down the lane like a blind man.

With my pole, five feet in the front, & five in the rear, I sallied into the highway. I felt safe under its protection against harm. You know horses cannot pass through impediments in their way like the Flying Dutchman's ship, through a real ship. Why, if they must go the other side of a fence, they will jump over it. They may knock persons down, but are never known to knock down anything wooden or stone.

While I wended my way in the middle of the road, I was startled by a strong current of air overhead, I looked up, & found a horse jumping over me. Strange to say, that a vehicle also jumped over me after the horse. Don't you think it astonishing that a horse with a carriage, could leap over a man, five feet seven inches high, & his pole ten feet? Perhaps you suppose I either dreamed, or had a brick in my hat. Neither. Far from either. I do not deny that I drank two glassfuls of cider with old Snibbs, but cider is not an intoxicating beverage, you know. Indeed, I was thinking alternately of Molly's bright eyes, & of my profits by the sales of mute alphabet prints, when the horse & vehicle leaped over my head. The night was dimly black, & Old Snibbs ought to have invited me to sleep in his house or barn.

NEL. LOESTERCLAUS.
WRIGHTSTON, May, 1861.

AMOS SMITH, Esq.

Dear Sir:—Your May No. of the Guide, is at hand. I wish to make a correction of an error in your Southern correspondent "Wingfield." He says my scheme of a deaf colony, is absurd and impracticable. (I use his ideas not words.) It is useless, telling all the world such things, as I know it is, under Providence, fully and beneficially practicable and possible, and need only to be tried. *Experiment is all we want.* Besides the objections interposed by my opponents, are not insurmountable; and no man of sense, can suppose me wise to yield to such sandy foundation theories. For instance, the (W.) says we will want physicians. Cannot mutes prepare themselves for this profession? Verily, they can, as well as for all other needful ones. Besides, it ought to be understood, that hearing men of the "healing art" will settle there, as well as clergymen; men, whose professions and avocations have little to do with office, or even with voting, which last is to be guaranteed all. While I was in Hartford, our principal, M. Gallaudet, (a clergyman) told me that neither himself nor Dr. Hawes, (Pastor of a Presbyterian congregation) ever exercised the votary privilege.

I furthermore desire it to be distinctly understood, by all, that the reason I do not "cut sticks" and abandon my ground, after so many opposing declarations, is owing entirely to the want of force and truth in them. For me to "give up" after nothing but such shallow thing as Mr. Booth, R. P., and others have been able to say, would be to stamp me as an idiot! The example about physicians, controverted above, is an instance, showing, in fact, all the "absurdity" and "diving into mysterious depths," fix elsewhere than on my skirts. I thought that in my various letters in both the *Annals* and the *Guide*, I had given a definite outline of the programme of the plan of the colony, which to the mind of any disinterested and unworried man, would have saved his penetration or discernment—the humiliation of uttering reiterated objections, such as Wingfield and others have made.

Let them, if, in their power, show me, with fact or argument, cogent enough, to impress the conviction of any rational mind, that my plan is futile and absurd, and to prove unavailing, and I will, with candor and propriety, abandon it. But what they have said, only confirms my purpose, for this project.

It is deplorable to see mutes, instead of

like hearing men, going into schemes calculated to elevate them in society, and in the world, falling to be proving themselves intellectual gladiators, and bent on nothing, save a proud spirit of practical chicanery. This is not the character which I want in Gallaudetia, or which can adorn any body of men. Till the whole army of my assailants prove what they say, by incontestable verities, or prognostications that innate perception and experience corroborate,—they need not expect my succumbency, or be angry at my perseverance. Like Atlas, I will continue to sustain the globe of my design, or like Hercules, repel "fore and aft," their puerile insinuations.

Why, Mr. Smith, the Territory of the United States and the Confederate States, (if they never re-unite) are fast filling up into corporate States, and if we, poor deaf *no-bodies*, do not soon gain a free hold for some commonwealth,—all our own, the chance will have passed forever, in North America. There is no time, sir, really to be lost. Just think of this. Who, in his reason, can blame me for being active, interesting, if can, our morally isolated people in "taking time by the forelock," and trying to induce the magnanimous generosity of both, or either governments, or lay off, set apart, or reserve a small Indian Territory for our occupancy at some future time. And before all the land be "taken up" by those, who will allow us nothing independent of their management.

Judging from myself, (and that "I know myself," Wingfield may rest assured, "To Prepon" and "To Kalon" are not Greek words I sleep over), I believe our class of immortal beings, will produce some of the very best of statesmen, of divines, of doctors, of lawyers, and of schoolmasters, to say nothing of mechanics, literary men, or men of science,—for instead of giving into the wild and bloody minded enthusiasm of the two belligerent sections,—the one North, determined on conquest and consolidation, refusing all compromise or concession, as they in Congress did all last winter, and the other, (South), intent on destroying the American Union, which aside from the *mal-overt* interference of the abolitionists of the John Brown and Beecher stamp, was the most free, and best of human institutions. I comment the precipitancy and inexorableness of each, standing on my own consistent ground, and praying for cessation of hostilities, for concession of rights, and for reconstruction of the great Federal Union; this, persistently, although there seems no chance of this mighty desideratum.

And, sir, this I do—the hearing are averse to all reconsideration, and the mutes themselves, (witness Edmund Booth) seem to be fatally infatuated, and able to see nothing but beauty, in adherence to "principle" and in waging war! In Gallaudetia, I feel that I can impregnate the minds of our class with *TRUE PRINCIPLES* and more salutary counsels, than they are likely to acquire, so scattered among the unscrupulous hearing, who, notwithstanding, many were and choice spirits, one to apt, as majorities, to prove little better than swine!

I hope your liberal kindness will allow the publication of this exhortation, as a hint to all pragmatical dissenters, that I am too firmly fixed in consciousness of the wisdom and expediency of my contemplation, to be thwarted by discussion, of the order which their simplicity considered adequate to this emergency.

Your friend, and obedient servant,
J. J. FLOURNAY.
ATHENS, May, 1861.

THE WILL OF N. I. BOWDITCH—PUBLIC BEQUESTS.

The will of N. I. Bowditch, Esq., lately deceased, has been proved in the Norfolk County office. It is dated March 11, 1859, and covers 24 large folio pages, finely written, in the handwriting of the deceased, with a codicil, dated Nov. 29, 1860, covering three pages of Congress paper, also in the handwriting of the deceased.

Among the private bequests, are donations of valuable books, including a copy of the Dresden gallery of colored engravings, in three very large folio volumes, full bound in red morocco, which he regards as the most valuable book in his library; the copy of Hume's History of England, in ten large folio volumes, full bound in red morocco, being the set which formerly belonged to the Duke of Sussex, and having the ducal arms on the covers; a copy of the Macklin Bible, in six very large quarto volumes, published originally at a cost of \$600, and of which only one other copy is known to exist in this country, being a truly magnificent specimen of typography; a copy of Thompson's Seasons, the first edition of 1730, and another magnificent edition, also from the library of the Duke of Sussex, &c.

We give the public bequests:—

"19. Item.—I give to the Proprietors of the Boston Athenaeum, as a slight token of my remembrance, my copy of Marco Polo's Voyages, published at Venice, in 1496, being a very beautiful little volume; 200 fine specimens of ancient printing; also Ferdinand Mendez Pinto's Voyages, formerly belonging to the late John Pickering; also the sum of \$2000, the income to be annually expended to the purchase of books.

I also give to the President and Fellows of Harvard College, my copy of Murphy's Arabian Antiquities of Spain, which, as a specimen of letter-press engraving and binding, is one of the most beautiful vol-

umes I ever met with; also the sum of \$2000, the income to be annually expended in the purchase of books."

In A. D. 1851, I published for private distribution at the cost of \$1100, a history of the Mass. General Hospital. I now give that corporation the copyright of said work, and the plates engraved for it, viz: the frontispiece and the likeness of Dr. James Jackson. Also the sum of \$2000, to be put at interest till another edition shall be deemed desirable by the Trustees, when said sum with its accumulation or such part thereof as may be needed, shall be appropriated to that object.

20. Item. I give to the Massachusetts Historical Society, my copy of the work entitled *Vincenti Speculum Historiale*, printed in A. D. 1474; also the sum of \$1000.

21. Item. I give to the Proprietors of the Salem Athenaeum, \$1000, as a slight mark of regard for my native town.

He also bequeathed to Prof. Crosby, of the State Normal School at Salem, and his successors in office, the sum of five thousand dollars in trust, the income to be applied in aid of deserving and worthy pupils, at the discretion of the Principal.

To various inmates and attendants to the Massachusetts General Hospital, he bequeathed sums varying from \$100 to \$500.

In the codicil occurs the following:—

Item. I give to the Massachusetts General Hospital, \$5000, as a fund to be called the Wooden Leg Fund, the income to be applied towards defraying the expenses of wooden legs for patients, who have been obliged to submit to amputation. In the distribution of this income, I should desire that female patients should be preferred to males, and young patients to old ones.

In the will, under head of item 9, he says, that in the practice of his profession, he has written 55 folio volumes of Land Titles, containing nearly 30,000 pages, with sundry plans and maps accompanying them, and that their preservation may be of the greatest importance for his reputation for accuracy; he therefore makes a disposition of them under certain restrictions, but in the codicil occurs the following:—

Item. I confirm the gift of my volumes of titles, &c., and said two plans, to my brother William and my son E. Francis Bowditch, as Trustees, without giving bonds, the actual custody and use of the same to be at the discretion of my brother, during his life, without any restrictions. At his death, the same may be retained by my son during his life, in like manner; and at his death I give the same to the Massachusetts Historical Society.

Before his death, Mr. Bowditch donated, with the assent of his wife, a sum sufficient to create an annual income of \$4,000 for free scholarships at Harvard University.

No. 9, WEST EIGHTEENTH ST. }
NEW YORK, June 3, 1861. }

MR. AMOS SMITH, JR.

Dear Sir:—May I ask through your columns, the earnest attention of the Deaf Mutes of our country, to the following letter which speaks for itself. I shall be most happy to act as Treasurer, and hope that I may soon have the satisfaction of reporting that the amount asked for—\$120—is made up.

Yours, Respectfully,
THOMAS GALLAUDET.

SHANGHAI, Nov. 20th, 1860.

REV. THOMAS GALLAUDET.

Dear Sir: Having but lately had the pleasure of perusing the memoir of your good and honored father, I take the liberty of addressing you as to an object, in which I am sure, he would feel a lively interest.

It was my privilege last winter, to translate into the Shanghai dialect, the little work, called "Child's Book on the Soul," and it is now ready for the press, with the hope of making it useful in schools. I am now about to begin the translation of the "Youth's book on National Theology," for the same purpose.

It has occurred to me that it might be an interesting and pleasant idea to the members of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb in New York city, to contribute to the fund for the printing of this latter work. Such an act would be at once a memorial to your honored father, whose labor of love they must ever keep in grateful remembrance, and at the same time a deed of benevolence kindred to his, in doing what they can to enlighten the dark minds of these Chinese heathens.

The sum required to bring out an edition of 1000 copies, would be about \$120, and any surplus that might remain, would be applied to the printing of other books.

Should the object meet your approval, I would give me peculiar pleasure to have you commend it to the deaf and dumb in the institution, and in the church over which I believe you have charge. I feel no doubt that you, dear sir, will agree with me in thinking, that it will be good for them to have their acting sympathy drawn out to the heathen; and I am sure that it will lend additional interest to the book, when in teaching it, the Chinese children shall be told who it was composed the work, and who gave the money for printing it in their language. The books above referred to, are among the few that can be well adapted to translation; indeed, they are so perfect that they will not bear any omission or alteration. I have heard of other works by your father, but I have not seen them, and the only one I can recall to mind at this moment, is the *Universal History*, (I think that is the title) so highly commended. Perhaps at some future time, I shall find that also available and useful for our schools.

Consciousness, clearness and simplicity, are merits rarely combined, but they are all found to a rare degree in these books.

It is a matter of regret to me, that I have never visited an Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, but no heart of even common benevolence can fail to be truly interested in what has been accomplished for their instruction and happiness.

Yours, very truly,
CAROLINE P. KEITH.

(From the Ladies Repository).

RECOLLECTIONS OF A DEAF AND DUMB TEACHER.

Several years ago there came into my class a little girl, by name Mary B., who seemed to be endowed with mental powers above the average. She was fond of me, and I of her. I blush to say, though, that since she was transferred to another class about two years ago, she has never shown herself in my schoolroom, by way of reviving her recollections of her old teacher. I have not seen her these many weeks. Wonder why she has not seen me for so long a time! O how dearly I loved her then! In spite of this strange part of her conduct, I still think a world of her. While under my charge, she told me by signs, a little story, the whole of which was the creation of her brain, and which she insisted on sending to a periodical for publication. To gratify her whim, I committed her ideas to paper. As I have said, the little girl originated the matter of the manuscript; but the wording of it from beginning to end, was a brain-product of mine. I give the communication "for what it is worth."

A LITTLE STORY FOR GIRLS.

Twenty-five, perhaps more years ago, there appeared upon the stage of life a boy, and within a few months of him, a girl. Time progressed, and they grew up, one into manhood, and the other into womanhood. They met, their hearts were set on fire, and marriage was the consequence.

Time wore on. The husband took to drinking. His wife remonstrated, but drink he would. She wept, but he heeded it not; he drank on; it was a fixed habit with him, and there was no breaking it.

At length, poverty stared the unfortunate man in the face; he was out of pocket. Urged by hunger, he committed larceny, for which he was thrown into prison. His unhappy wife was necessitated to take in washing. Trouble succeeded trouble, and she died a miserable death.

Now, girls, all of you who dream of kissing and being kissed, do you think that matrimony is of no consequence? Look before you leap. Look to strength of character in a man, if you want a partner. Do not make fun of matrimony if you do not wish to die "single-blessed." Always think. Be wise.

Say what my young friend would of the above article, I surely see nothing in it to justify me in pluming myself upon the authorship of it. I loved her so well, that I wrote many things about her, some for publication, and some for my own amusement only. I select two from the few things I have written, concerning my darling pupil.

My dear, good little Mary—worth my daughter, but my scholar—is not talking about. She has the sweetest face I ever saw; not that she is beautiful, but there is a bewitching expression in her countenance which renders her peculiarity interesting. I tell you honestly, whoever you may be, I love her as if she were my own daughter. She is a "child of eternal silence," as the poet saith, poor girl! She has seen only nine summers. How my soul trembles when I see her naughty! How I hate to browbeat this morsel of humanity! O if I could blind myself to see her childish faults! But I am bound to correct her when she errs, though I should be the happiest man in the world to pass over her little errors, nay, pocket them. She is a good girl after all. She has an understanding above her years.

She is fatherless, but, thank goodness, she has a kind mother, who comes almost every week to see how she gets along. Many faults though I have, and I blush to confess it, my chief care is to prepare her, if possible, for heaven. The other day she naively said to me, "My dear master, I pray to God every morning and night." I asked her what she prayed for. She answered, "For everything I need." I showed her a dime for sport. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "you idolize your money. It is wrong in you to worship it."

Nature has seen fit to endow me with an irritable temper, which I frankly confess has caused me much vexation of spirit; but, when in the presence of that love of a baby Mary, I feel like playing the agreeable. The lively way in which she talks, does my soul a world of good. She often insists that I should travel about the city with her every day, storm or fair. Last Christmas day, she came into my school-room, and after wishing me a merry Christmas, told me she had nothing to give me as a Christmas present but a kiss of love, which I most gladly accepted, as I thought it the best Christmas gift I ever had the good fortune to receive. She knew that she was too poor to get anything for me; but a costly pleasure—costly; but within the reach of the poorest child in

the world—a costly pleasure, repeat, occurred to her in the shape of a kiss, and she hastened to give it to me. The sweet kiss she so generously gave me, I shall remember so long as this little globe of ours rolls round the sun.

A little time since I scolded Mary for some trifling offense; she came up to my side and sobbed piteously. A cherub in tears! I gave her the best advice it was in my power to give, being solicitous to make her understand properly her duty to God. She threw herself down at my feet, and with upturned face she promised me she would not again commit the same offence. As I gazed upon her repentant face, how sorely I was tempted to embrace her and kiss her, father-fashion!

The remarkable feature of her character is her love of truth. A girl older than she, to "April-fool" another, desired Mary to pretend to strike in with her in what she was affirming; but she negatived her seemingly-harmless request. A new pupil, fresh from the country, came into my room and asked me if I could speak. Just at that moment, a spirit of mischief entered into me, and induced me to tell him that I could speak. Mary ran to him, and told him that I was joking. So I was done for.

Mary writes well, considering her ninth year—her grammar is good. I hope, therefore, that she will make a smart woman. May she be an ornament to the institute, where she drinks in the words of wisdom!

It is quite amusing that tale of little Mary. Day in and day out she spins out a string of words—words—nothing but words, in detailing some trivial incident of no general interest whatever; yet, as she is a mere child, I bear with her parrot-like loquacity. Her eyes are remarkably large, and, when she speaks, full of animation. She is smart beyond most of her schoolmates, although she seems to lack ambition, or energy rather, of mind. I admire her native kindness of heart, and often wish she was my own daughter.

Two of my female pupils thought so much of me, that they bought two handsome bouquets of roses and gave them to me. I placed the bouquets in two tin cups, which were set on the table in the middle of my schoolroom, so as to afford my class a view of the floral beauties. Mary no sooner saw the bouquets, than she tossed her tiny arms aloft, and exclaimed, "How pretty!" Turning to me, "I wish you would be so kind as to give me one of the flowers." I shook my head. "No?" said she. "Well, I'll seek out a flower after school is over; I won't give it to you, sir."

One day I reproved her for imperfectly reciting her lesson. She raised her apron to her face, and tears and suppressed sobs soon told how her young heart was pained. I asked her why she cried. "You scold me, you tyrant!" said she. "I do not like to be scolded." I told her she must be respectful in language. "No, no," said she, and she sobbed on. "No more weeping," said I, a little sternly. She let fall her apron from her face, and looked up in my visage. "Are you a good girl?" asked I of Mary. She made no reply. "Are you a bad girl?" said I. She kept mum. "What are you then?" inquired I. "Neither good nor bad," replied she. "What do you mean, Mary?" exclaimed I. "Why, sir, I am a sinner by nature!" said she. "Do you think that you will go to heaven?" said I. She answered, "God alone knows."

The other evening Mary slept over her lesson. Her companions threatened to report to her teacher. The next morning she came into my room and told me that the evening before she was so drowsy she could not study. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Mary," said I, feigning anger. "Ashamed!" said she; "I cannot be ashamed of myself, but of strangers." She did not know what I meant. But I knew that she is only nine years of age.

On another occasion she came up to my side, and her little fingers played with my whiskers. I asked her what she was about. She responded by saying that was "caressing my whiskers." I inquired if she did not wish to have her face covered with whiskers. "Yes, sir," she said. "Why?" I inquired. She answered, "To make me look pretty."

Mary is a little girl of warm affections, not inclined to quarrel, and rather unobtrusive. She looks upon me as her father; she speaks to me nearly all the time. She tries her skill at cracking a joke, and she generally succeeds. Her descriptive talents in pantomime are good. They will no doubt improve as she grows older. "May her shadow never be less!"

So much for the Mary of former days; now for the Mary of to-day. As I said before, I have seen but little of her since she left my class. And in thinking of Mary as she now is, how often, and ah, how sadly, do I look backward to the loving, confiding Mary of old! Imagine a little girl, deaf and dumb like myself, springing with a gay, merry laugh into my arms as soon as she enters my room, forgetful of the rules of etiquette, and intent only upon enjoying my smiles. But now, how changed! If chance throws her in my way she stares at me as if I were a stranger; and if I speak to her she has a strange way of simpering. I thought she possessed the warm, impassioned nature that lavished its wealth of love on those who treated her kindly, and craved a like return. She often told me that she loved many persons. I hoped I was included in this category; but now it seems I was not one of the many who were the objects of her tender regard. I have nothing to do with her likes and dislikes, though.

AN IMPOSTOR.—In 1852, a man, in Maryland, pretending to be deaf and dumb, was arrested, charged with imposing upon the public and exciting false sympathy, and when taken before a justice of peace, he apparently forgot the part he was acting, and broke forth into a strain of severe invective against his accuser. He was, however, discharged.

A DEAF AND DUMB TRAVELLER.—By order of the United States Government, Lieut. Herndon, (U. S. N.), was exploring the valley of the Amazon river, in Brazil, when he met Bavra, a deaf and dumb man, named Baker, who was travelling in that country for his amusement. The deaf mute carried with him tablets and a raised alphabet, for the purpose of educating the deaf, dumb and blind. He died on the 29th of April, 1850, at San Joachim, the frontier port of Brazil, on the Rio Branco. What an adventurous traveller he must have been! Many of the readers of the Guide, may recollect that Lieut. Herndon lost his life in the attempt to save the California steamship Central America, which was wrecked off the coast of North Carolina, in 1857.

THE STOLEN KEG.—In 1854, in Liverpool, a deaf and dumb man stole a small keg, which he supposed contained butter. Being unable to force the keg open, he heated a poker red-hot, and commenced to bore a hole in the keg with it. The keg actually contained gunpowder, and immediately a fearful explosion took place, which blew the roof off of the house, and injured more or less all who were within at the time; seven persons were fatally injured.

TRUE PRAYER.—A little deaf and dumb girl was once asked by a lady, who wrote the question on the Slate, "What is prayer?" The little girl took her pencil, and with it wrote in reply, "Prayer is the wish of the heart." And so it is—all fine words and beautiful verses said to God, do not make real prayer, without the wish of the heart.

ASSIDUITY AND PERSISTENCE.—Two of the most remarkable writers, who at the same time, show what assiduity and perseverance can accomplish, are the Englishman, Sanderson, who, although blind, wrote about the colors and stars, and the Frenchman, Laboreaux, who, born deaf and dumb, studied and taught several oriental languages.

A DEAF AND DUMB INVENTOR.—In 1853, a remarkable optical invention was made in France, by a deaf and dumb man, by which engravings were shown in relief. What has become of it, has not been satisfactorily made known to the public.

MAGNIFICENT BEQUEST.—A most estimable lady died in Belfast, Ireland, in 1854, leaving the truly magnificent legacy of \$25,000 to the Ulster Institution, for the deaf, and dumb, and the blind.

WONDERFUL MIRACLE.—During a severe thunder-storm at Paris, the lightning entered a room where sat a paralytic and speechless man, set fire to the curtains, and went out of a window which it broke. The shock was such that he recovered his speech, and afterwards became greatly improved in health.

CONVERSION OF A DEAF MUTE LADY.—An educated deaf and dumb lady in Ireland, told a friend, some years ago, that the first time she went to church after her mind had been impressed with the truth of christianity, she saw over the pulpit, the words, "Faith cometh by hearing," which occasioned her great unhappiness; for she feared that, as she had not the sense of hearing, she could not possess faith. But shortly after, finding this passage in her Bible, and that it was followed by the words, "And hearing by the word of God," she clasped the holy book to her heart, rejoicing that there was yet a way in which faith could reach even her.

TO CLEAN OIL PAINT.—The best thing for cleaning oil paint, is a sponge dipped in ammonia which has been copiously diluted with water. Soap dissolves the turpentine as well as the linseed oil, and not only destroys the smooth and shiny surface, but exposes also the white lead to the influence of the water and air, and is therefore not practical.

TO DETECT COPPER IN PICKLES AND GREEN TEA.—Put a few leaves of tea, or some of the pickles cut small, into a phial with two or three drachms of liquid ammonia, diluted with one half the quantity of water. Then shake the phial and if the most minute portion of copper be present, the liquid will turn a light blue color.

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A PLEASANT SCENE.

On Sunday evening last very interesting exercises took place in the Twenty-first street Dutch Reformed church. (Rev. Dr. Bethune's) New York city, on the occasion of the presentation of a handsome copy of the Holy Scriptures to Master Robert Anderson, the only son of Major Anderson the hero of Fort Sumter. It having been announced that Mrs. Anderson would be present, the edifice was crowded, and it is needless to say that hundreds of juveniles embraced the opportunity to see the youthful specimen of patriotism who was to be the recipient of an appropriate gift. During Major Anderson's brief stay in New York he visited, among other benevolent institutions, the Home for Deaf Mutes, and was particularly gratified with what he saw. The young inmates, it appears were equally pleased with the urbanity of their distinguished visitor, and determined to show their appreciation of Major Anderson by presenting his little boy with a handsome bound copy of the Bible. It was to be regretted that the Major was compelled to go to Washington before this happily conceived presentation was made, for had he been present we have no doubt that he would have been highly entertained. A select number of the mute children, attired in white dresses and handsome red, white and blue satin scarfs and rosettes, occupied seats in front of the pulpit. It was stated that Dr. Bethune would be present and deliver an address, but our reporter was informed that the first the reverend gentleman heard of it was through the morning journals. The exercises were commenced by singing a patriotic hymn, followed by a prayer by the Rev. Dr. Van Nest, associate pastor of the church. Another hymn was sung by the choir, and then a handsome little deaf mute recited in the sign language the ten commandments. Rev. Dr. Gillette was introduced and proceeded to deliver an appropriate address in behalf of the Home for Deaf Mutes. The speaker alluded to the remark which Major Anderson is reported to have made, that it would have been better for this nation had it been born mute. If they had, said Dr. G., the doctrine of secession would never have been promulgated, and words that would have blistered the lips of demons in hell would never have been spoken. Dr. Gillette related deeply interesting incidents of his connection with educated and refined deaf mutes while he was pastor of a church in Philadelphia.

At the conclusion of the address Mrs. Anderson and her boy who is a beautiful child of three years old, was conducted from the vestry into the audience room, and were of course the observed of all observers. One of the deaf mutes, in

the institution, presented a copy of the Bible, with a beautiful address, interpreted and is as follows:—"Master Robert Anderson—The children of the Home for Deaf Mutes desire to present this Bible to you, trusting its teachings in after life may lead you to imitate the Christian virtues of your honored father. Accept this gift from the children of silence, who are daily instructed in its most holy words, with their earnest prayer that you may lead in this world a long and honorable life, and in the world to come life everlasting." Prof. McVicker, a personal friend of Major Anderson acknowledged the gift, passing a glowing eulogium upon the Christian character of the hero of Fort Sumter. From a long acquaintance he could say that Major Anderson combined the gentleness of the child, the tenderness of the female heart, the courage of the man and the hero, and the humble faith of the Christian.

In consequence of indisposition Mrs. Anderson was unable to remain till the close of the exercises.

A collection was taken up in behalf of the Home for the Mutes, to which Dr. Geo. Douglas contributed \$100 expressing the hope that the youthful Anderson would prove himself as noble a patriot as his illustrious father. The Lord's Prayer was recited by one of the children, after which the choir sang a hymn, and the congregation were dismissed with the benediction.—*N. Y. Observer.*

CURE OF DEAFNESS.

The following simple remedy is said to be a sure and infallible cure for deafness—the accidental discovery of a Mademoiselle Cleret, a schoolmistress to the deaf and dumb, in one of the departments of France, who had been very deaf for a number of years, but was happily restored to her hearing by its application. This new and providential discovery seems to excite no inconsiderable degree of interest, and a great deal of attention among all classes in France, at this time, not merely on account of its intrinsic importance, but also on account of the melancholy result of it to the discoverer, who, it is said, went mad owing to the contrast it brought about in her position in life—her extreme poverty and subsequent independence. It proved to be too much for her wits. She is now confined within the walls of a lunatic asylum. To the cure.

The medical means used by Miss Cleret was Sulphuric Ether, poured directly

into the ears, regularly every day in quantities of from four to eight drops.—Usually, this agent produces only a slight degree of sensibility or pain. After it has been used for fifteen or twenty days it is better for the operator to suspend its use for several days, in order to let it retain its energy, and then again apply it as before. The application may be continued, if not indefinitely, at least for a long period of time without any injurious results to the patient. It is stated that this cure has not yet failed in any of the numerous cases in which it has been applied.

DEALING WITH THIEVES.—The following true story is told of Jacob Sheafe, Esq., a merchant of Portsmouth, in former times:—

A man had purchased some wool of him, which he had weighed and paid for, and Mr. Sheafe had gone into the back room to get change for a note. Happening to turn his head while there, he saw in a glass, which swung so as to reflect the shop, a stout arm reach up and take from the shelf a heavy cheese. Instead of appearing suddenly and rebuking the man for his theft, as another would, thereby losing his custom forever, the crafty old gentleman gave the thief his change as if nothing had happened, and then, under the pretence of lifting the bag to lay it on the horse for him, took hold of it and exclaimed:

"Why, bless me, I must have reckoned the weight wrong."

"O, no," said the other, "you may be sure you have not, for I counted with you."

"Well, well, we won't dispute about the matter, it's so easily tried," said Mr. Sheafe putting the bag into the scales again:—"There," said he, "I told you so; knew I was right—made a mistake of nearly twenty pounds; however, if you don't want the whole, you needn't have it; I'll take part of it out."

"No!" said the other, staying the hands of Mr. S. on the way to the strings of the bag, "I guess I'll take the whole."

And this he did, paying for dishonesty by receiving the skim milk cheese for the price of wool.

On another occasion. Mr. S. missed a barrel of pork. A few months after, a man asked him the question,

"Did you ever find out who took that pork, Mr. Sheafe?"

"Yes," was the reply, "you are the fellow for none but myself and the thief knew of the loss." The fellow was detected by the shrewd dealer, who possessed the valuable faculty of knowing when to be silent.

ENIGMA.

BY A MUTE BALTIMOREAN.

I am composed of 21 letters,
My 9, 10, 11 is a vessel.
My 19, 14, 6, 7 is an adjective.
My 7, 14, 15 is one of the primitive colors
My 16, 7, 3, 6, 16 is the support of life.
My 5, 6, 7 is a liquid pitch.
My 7, 6, 1, 8 is a kind of vermin.
My 9, 3, 11 is an instrument.
My 16, 17, 18, 20 is a poison.
My 12, 13, 14, 16, 20 is a turf.
My 16, 17, 7, 21, 20, 13, 4 are vessels
sometimes containing liquor.
My 2, 6, 7, 9 is a musical instrument.
My whole is the national ensign of a
mighty country.

For the Guide.

REVIEW OF THE WEATHER.

NUMBER ONE.

I commence this review with the year 1850. I was at Pittsburgh, Pa., during the whole of that year, with the exception of three or four days, as I was learning my trade: and of course the weather of which I kept a record, was incident to Pittsburgh and vicinity.

That year was noted for the unusual backwardness of the spring season. The fruit crop was very poor, but the grain crops were pretty good. The Cholera was prevalent in some parts of this country, but it was not so bad as it was in the preceding year (1849).

The following is an account of the weather for 1850:—

Clear days,	68
Cloudy days,	144
Rainy days,	117
Snowy days,	28
Days of rain and snow,	8
Total,	365.

The following is an account of the temperature of the weather for 1850:—

Cold days,	64
Cool days,	134
Pleasant days,	59
Warm days,	93
Hot days,	15
Total,	365.

I did not keep any account of the state of the thermometer till the beginning of the year 1856: but I merely made out the temperature of each day, according to the action of my senses, especially of feeling.

The winter of 1849-'50 was a mild one, and the rivers were not closed with ice, though filled with floating ice on several occasions.

The spring of 1850 was unusually backward, and there were several heavy frosts in April and May, which did considerable damage to the growing crops.

On the 28th of February, 1850, at night, there was a tremendous storm at

Pittsburgh, such as had not been witnessed there for a long time. There were heavy claps of thunder, accompanied with terrific flashes of lightning.—The wind blew furiously, and the rain poured down in torrents. The storm was followed by very cold weather.

On the 3d of March, there was a heavy and severe snow-storm at Pittsburgh, which raged all day.

On the 7th of March, there was a big freshet in the Alleghany and Monongahela rivers, and considerable damage was done to property.

There was a hard frost at Pittsburgh and vicinity, on the morning of the 31st of May, which killed a good many vegetables and plants. On the 30th of June, a tremendous hail-storm occurred at Pittsburgh, in the afternoon. The hail-stones were about as large as pigeon's eggs. Some persons said they saw stones as large as hen's eggs! Many panes of glass were broken by the hail.

There were several heavy thunder-showers in July and August.

On the 27th of September, at about three o'clock in the afternoon, a terrific and extraordinary hail-storm visited Pittsburgh. At the commencement of the storm, the hail-stones were about as large as pigeon's eggs; but they became as large as hen's-eggs towards the close of the storm! One of the stones was said to be seen falling near the Monongahela river, which was as large as a man's head! It was broken to fragments on reaching the ground. The storm did immense damage to property.

A great many panes of glass were broken; the roofs of many buildings were more or less injured. It is a wonderful fact that the stones were strong enough to pierce through the sheet-iron roofs, making many holes in them, while the wooden roofs sustained but slight injury! The hail killed many animals, and knocked a number of persons down; but, fortunately, there was no loss of human life. The hail-storm was accompanied with much thunder and lightning. It lasted about fifteen minutes.—Such a hail-storm had never been witnessed within the memory of the "oldest inhabitant."

On the 16th of November, there was a heavy snow-storm, being the first of the season.

The account for 1850 is here concluded, and I proceed with the account for 1851.

The following is an account of the weather for 1851:

Clear days	100
Cloudy days	115
Rainy days	112
Snowy days	31
Days of rain and snow	7
Total,	365

The following is an account of the temperature for 1851:

Cold days	53
Cool days	118
Pleasant days	74
Warm days	115
Hot days	5
Total,	365

The winter of 1850-'51 was a mild one, with, however, some very cold weather. The 30th of January, 1851, was the coldest day of the season. A great many hydrants and water-pipes were frozen. The rivers were full of floating ice only for a few days.

On the 24th of February, at about one o'clock P.M., there was a dreadful hurricane or tornado at Pittsburgh. It was particularly severe on the Monongahela and Ohio rivers, doing great damage to many steamboats, by driving them ashore, or from their moorings, blowing down their smoke-pipes, &c. It also blew away shingles from the roofs of houses in every direction. A good many chimneys, trees, fences, &c., were also blown down.

On the 8th of March, there were several heavy snow-storms (known as "Lamb-storms.") During the heaviest of these storms, snow fell in unusually large flakes, some of which measured fully two inches in diameter!

The first thunder-shower of the season occurred on the 2d of April. There was another tremendous thunder-shower on the night of April 5th.

There was a hard frost and some ice on the morning of the 7th of May.

On the night of the 26th of July, there was a terrible and destructive hail-storm at Pittsburgh. Some of the hail-stones were said to be seven inches in circumference! The storm did immense damage to property; and was accompanied with much thunder and lightning, and a heavy fall of rain.

There was a partial eclipse of the sun on the morning of July 28th.

On the 8th of August, Pittsburgh was visited with the heaviest rain-storm of the season. The rain poured down almost constantly during the afternoon. Many of the streets were completely flooded, and considerable damage was done to property.

The summer of 1851 was remarkably cool. On several days it was so cold that fires and thick clothes were necessary.

In the early part of September, the weather was oppressively hot and sultry. The 10th was the warmest day of the season.

On the evening of September 13th, there was a slight fall of rain, though

the sky was clear. It was a singular phenomenon.

On the 26th of October, the first snow of the season fell at intervals all the afternoon and evening.

On the 25th of November, there was a heavy and severe snow-storm at Pittsburgh and vicinity, which lasted all day and all night. The snow was about eighteen inches deep on a level, and afforded excellent sleighing for a few days.

On the 13th of December, a sudden change from mild to intensely cold took place in the weather. The canal was entirely frozen over that night. The Alleghany river was full of floating ice on the 14th. The 16th was the coldest day of the month, and the thermometer stood at eight degrees below zero at sunrise! The rivers were now closed with ice, and navigation was entirely suspended. The cold spell continued for more than a week.

The account for 1851 is here closed.

A MUTE TYPO.

THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The exhibition of a most impressive character occurred at the Representative Chamber on Thursday afternoon. It is probably known to most of our readers, that several of this unfortunate class of our people, are supported by the State, for instruction, in the Asylum at Hartford.—Agreeably to previous notice some of them introduced by Mr. GALLAUDET the instructor, to the State House, for an exhibition of their acquirements, in presence of the Executive, the Legislative branches, and citizens generally. Our State provides for the support of fifty-four pupils at the asylum, and Mr. Gallaudet took this course with the approbation of the Executive, to show that the funds of the State in this respect, were not misapplied.

Of several pupils present, two were selected as most proficient, to exhibit the advantages derived from the instruction. They evinced a capacity to express with facility, by signs, not only correct notions of substantial qualities, but abstract ideas likewise: for instance, they could easily commune upon houses, towns, banks, locks and doors: and also with propriety, upon virtue, happiness, beauty, pleasure, and pain; this communication was all by the instrumentality of signs, mostly manual.

They also exhibited correct ideas of Grammar, by varying the inflections of different abstract nouns, showing distinctions between beauty, beautiful, beautifully, &c. A spectator proposed to them to distinguish between "education" and "knowledge," as they had been but four years at the institution, this abstract question was proposed to one of the instructors of six years' education; he answered, that "education was the infusion into the mind of knowledge," and that "knowledge was skill in the sciences." These definitions, whether perfectly unexceptionable or not, show that the respondent had specific ideas upon these abstract terms, and the ability to express them intelligibly. But we have neither time nor room to pursue farther the minutiae of this exhibition: suffice it to say, that it was profoundly interesting.

Doubtless the asylum itself is one of the most laudable known to humanity. A class of our brethren forever deprived of hearing,—that sense on which the faculty of speech depends, eminently claims the sympathy of their more gifted brethren. This institution goes all human lengths to supply what nature denies. The labors of Mr. Gallaudet, deserve the approbation of all good men. The pupils are also taught some trade, by which they can generally acquire a livelihood.—*Columbian Centinel, Jan. 14, 1829.*

EXHIBITION OF THE DEAF AND DUMB.

The annual exhibition of the pupils of the Deaf and Dumb Institution took place on Thursday at Irving Hall. There was, as usual in these interesting exhibitions, an immense audience present. Over a hundred young ladies, dressed in white, sat in tiers on each side of the platform, and in all some three hundred pupils participated in the exercises. Dr. Peet, the principal, presided, and Rev. Dr. Stone, of Boston, opened with prayer and a short address. The institution is divided into sixteen classes, and the lowest one, formed in September last, was first examined. They showed great proficiency in the use of plural and singular words. The other classes acquitted themselves with surprising accuracy in the various test exercises to which they were subjected. Four of the more advanced pupils, two young ladies and two young gentlemen, were introduced; readily writing correct answers to questions propounded by the spectators, or writing elegant but brief essays upon any given subject. Many of these examples were exceedingly patriotic, lauding General Scott, and going into ecstasies over the Star Spangled Banner. One of them, David R. Tillinghast of Fayetteville, North Carolina, being asked the difference between *comparison* and *metaphor*, who wrote the following:—"Comparison is a figure of speech in which we liken one object to another either for the sake of increasing the beauty of expression or illustrating what we want to impress on others. A metaphor is an abridged comparison, where the words as or like are omitted. The proclamation of President Lincoln was like the rod of Moses, which, when struck on the rock of apparent indifference to the fate of our glorious Union, called forth mighty gushings of patriotism from millions of springs beneath the great rock."

Drake's ode to the American Flag was beautifully recited in the sign language by Miss Fanny Freeman, whose parents, American Missionaries, were murdered by the sepoys during the Indian rebellion. It elicited much applause. The patriotic illusions made during the exercises were loudly cheered. The proceedings terminated with the Lord's Prayer, in thy sign language, by Miss Fanny Walter, and a benediction by Rev. Dr. Adams.

N. Y. Observer.

THE PRINTER'S DOLLARS!

BY A PHILADELPHIAN MUTE.

The Printer's dollars! Where are they? I will suppose one of them in somebody's pocket in Toronto, another in Hamilton, another in Charleston, another in Woodstock, and a fifth in S. Thomas, while a sixth is resting serenely in some city or town, in the far West. A dollar here and there, scattered all over towns, all over the country, miles upon miles apart. How shall they be gathered together? The type-founder has hundreds of dollars against printers. The paper-maker, the building-owner, the journeyman-compositor, the grocer, the tailor, and all kinds of business in carrying on business, have their demands, hardly ever so small as a single dollar! But the mites, from here and there, most diligently gathered and patiently hoarded, or wherewith to discharge the bills, will never become bulky. I imagine the printers will have to get up an address to their widely scattered dollars, something as the following:

"Dollars, halves, quarters, dimes, and all manners of coin with which you are divided, collect yourself, and come home. Combination of all sorts of men, who help the printer to become a proprietor, gather in such force, and demand with such good reasons, your appearance at the counter, that nothing short of sight of you, will appease them. Collect yourselves, for valuable as you are in the aggregate, single, you will never pay the cost of gatherings. Come here, in silent single file, that the printer may form you into a battalion, and send you forth again to battle for him, and vindicate his feeble credit."

Are you sure you haven't a couple or more of the printer's dollars about your clothing?

THE AMERICAN FLAG—its true size and shape. Just now national flags are made of every possible size and shape, according to circumstances, but the standard size for the army is fixed at six feet six inches in length by four feet four inches in width; the number of stripes is thirteen—seven red and six white.—The blue field for the stars is the width and square of the first seven stripes—four red and three white, and these stripes extend from the extremity of the field to the end of the flag. The eighth stripe in white, and forms a pleasant relief to the blue ground of the field. The number of the stars is thirty-four; one being added on the admission of each State.

STRUCK DUMB.—In 1845, as a man residing in London was conversing with some of his companions, he suddenly exclaimed, "I am losing my speech," and the next moment was unable to utter a word, though he was in full possession of all his other faculties.

A DEAF AND DUMB TRUCKMAN.—There is a deaf and dumb truckman in Boston, who is considered one of the best judges of horses in Massachusetts. He manages his horses wonderfully, without saying a word. They understand his voice, and are under subjection. How he manages them so well is a mystery to all who know him. This is a physiological curiosity as well as fact.

WRETCHEDNESS.—In 1853, A gentleman entered a miserable abode in Woonsocket R. I., where lay a dead child, and the parents were both "dead drunk" upon the floor. The unfortunate child was born deaf and dumb, and was often left entire days to take care of itself, while the wretched parents were steeped in liquor.

KINDNESS TO THE DEAF MUTE.—In 1830, in the delightful little vale of Ulfa, in the north of England, lived a poor peasant with his wife and children, of whom two sons and daughter were deaf and dumb. The other child, a daughter, was in the full possession of her faculties. This little girl went to a Sunday school, and became so great a proficient in what was taught, that on her return home, she set about establishing a Sunday school of her own, and undertook the difficult task of communicating to her brothers and sisters the knowledge she had acquired. She did this with zeal and earnestness; and after some time, by the blessing of God on her efforts, one of her brothers and her sister became possessed of the knowledge of Jesus.

A WEDDING PRESENT.—In 1845, a retired Parisian shawl merchant, named M. Grignolet, purchased Voltaire's residence, the Chateau of Ferney, for one hundred thousand dollars, and gave it as a wedding present to his son, a young deaf mute of talent.

A DEAF AND DUMB HUNTER.—In 1854, a deaf and dumb man, a graduate of the Virginia Institution, was hunting near Charlottesville, Va., when he killed a wild turkey that weighed thirty pounds, which furnished a good family dinner for three days.

A DEAF MUTE'S COMPLAINT.—A deaf mute sought out Prosecuting Attorney Shephard yesterday, and drew up the following curiously written complaint:

"Mr. Appell fisted my face badly; my face was half faint and much blood. He kicked me twice. He was going to fight more at my bench work. I took my hammer for stopping him to fight; his partner helped him toward me, I left my hammer on my bench and went to wash my face blood with the water. He got mad at me since 3 days for I marked his patterns for furniture on the papers for me and put my papers into my chest. I made new chest 2 weeks ago. The lock of my chest goes very easy, as sweetmess; now spoilt. I could not open. I told Mr. Appell."

The information being sufficient upon which to base a charge of assault and battery, the mute was permitted to swear out a warrant.—*California paper.*

In every great man's soul there is a tinge of melancholy. In the recess of the thick branches and leaves of the mighty oak, twilight lingers even through the mid-day.

Boston and New York NORWICH STEAMBOAT LINE.

Cabin passage, \$4; Deck passage, \$2.50
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